SUB-MARINER

NO. 24

10¢ K

COMICS

NOW TO SEE IF THIS NEW TORPEDO WORKS!
SUB-MARINER! IT'S AIMED AT ME! HELP! SUB-MARINER!
ATOMIC
NO! NO! PRINCE NAMOR MUST BE MAD! THE GIRL WILL BE KILLED!

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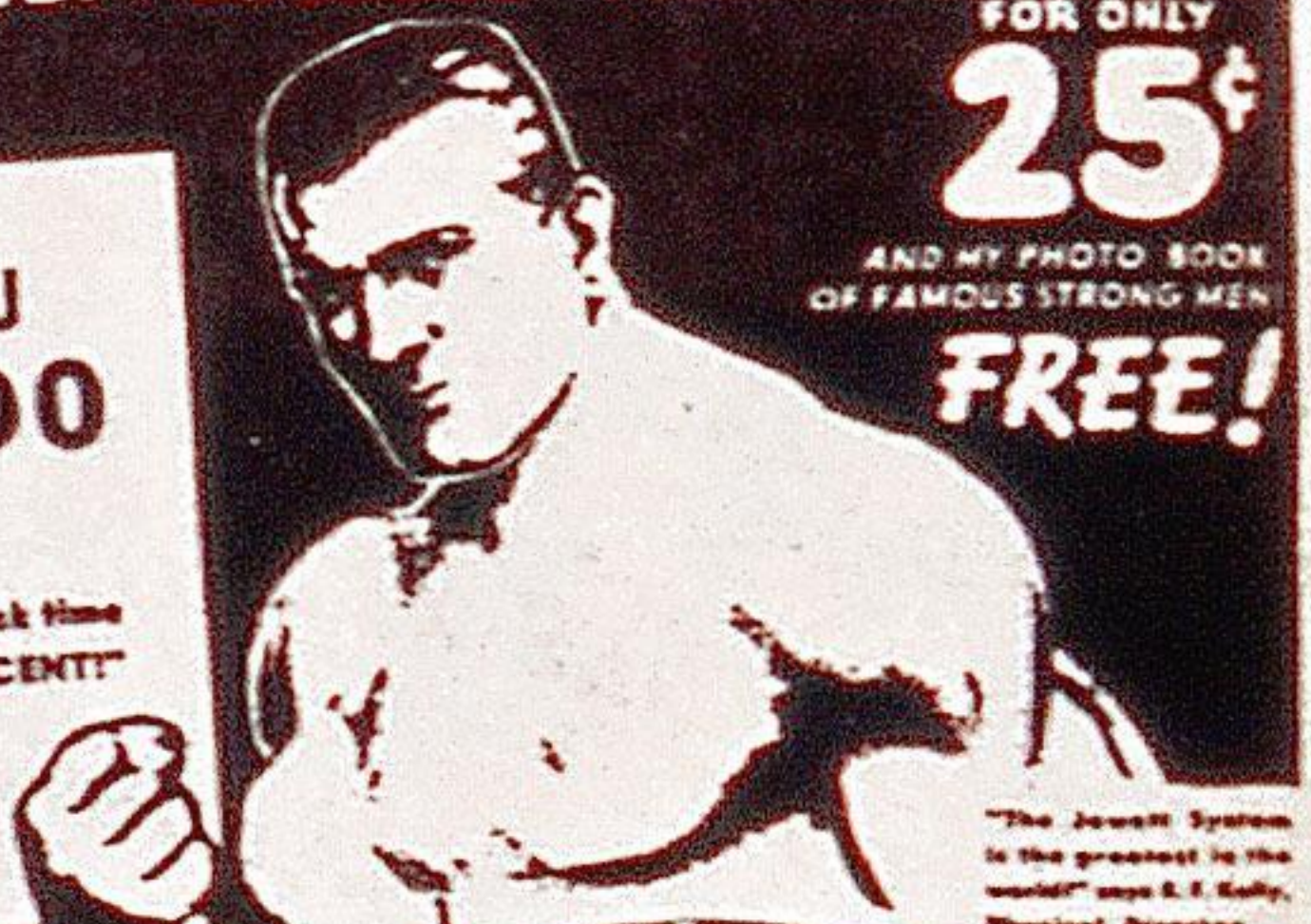

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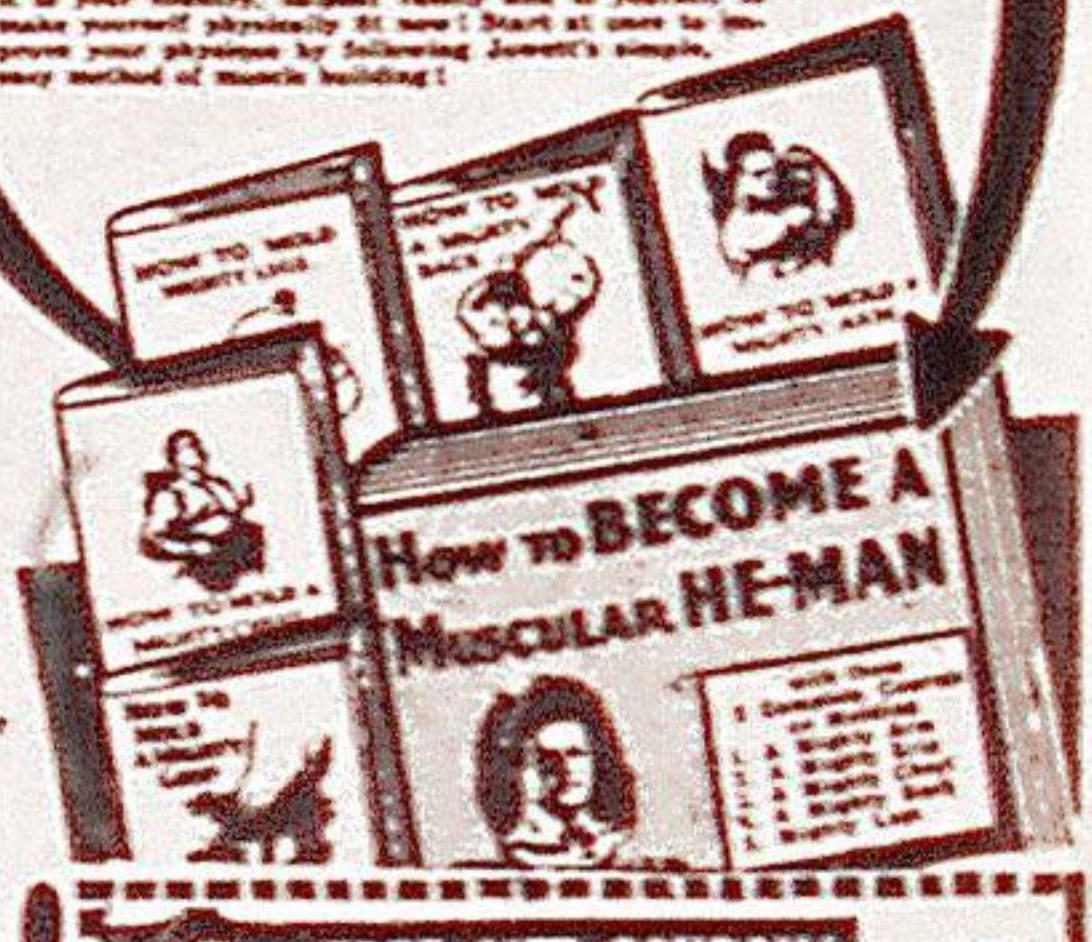

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SUB-MARINER
IN "VIKING'S VENGEANCE!"
1752

IN THE OFFICE OF ROSS PALMER, MULTI-MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN...

THEN YOU'RE GOING TO SPONSOR THE RACE TO VIKING'S COVE AS USUAL THIS YEAR?

YES! THAT RACE IS ONE OF MY PRINCIPLE AMUSEMENTS!

THE ONLY REQUIREMENT IS THAT ANY SHIP ENTERED MUST BE AN ***EXACT*** REPLICA OF A TYPE OF VESSEL USED IN HISTORY! PHOENICIAN SLAVE SHIPS WILL COMPETE AGAINST BALTIMORE CLIPPERS...

THE PRIZE IS A MILLION DOLLARS TO THE WINNER, ISN'T IT? IT SOUNDS ***INCREDIBLE!***

IT ***IS!*** THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME THE BIGGEST GAMBLER IN HISTORY! I ***NEVER*** DO ANYTHING IN A SMALL WAY!

LATER THAT MILLION DOLLARS MUST BE A TEMPTATION TO THE COMPETING RACERS!

R-RING

YES, THIS IS BETTY DEAN! ***WHAT'S THAT?***

I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE PALMER RACE! I'LL BE KILLED BECAUSE OF IT — UNLESS ***SUB-MARINER*** WILL HELP ME!

TELEPHONE

GIVE ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH SUB-MARINER AS SOON AS I CAN!

LATER... WE'RE GOING TO VISIT A CERTAIN ALPHONSO GREEN, NAMORA! HE ASKED BETTY DEAN FOR OUR HELP!

MEANWHILE, IN ALPHONSO GREEN'S APARTMENT...

WHY DOESN'T SUB-MARINER COME? PERHAPS I *SHOULD* HAVE CALLED THE POLICE!

IT-IT'S *YOU!*

YES! THE VIKING! NONE SHALL LEARN MY SECRET!

FOR THE SECRET DIES WITH YOU!

NO!

AIEEE

THEN!

HURRY, NAMORA!

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

AIEEE

A VIKING!

OUT OF MY WAY, INTRUDER!

NOT SO FAST!

THAT DEVILISH MACE WON'T CLAIM ANY MORE LIVES!

ARE YOU SURE IT WON'T?

NAMORA! LOOK OUT!

OHHH!

SORRY, NAMORA!

THE VIKING! HE'S GONE!

HE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME!

SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER AND NAMORA RACE OUT, ONLY TO FIND...

NOT A TRACE OF HIM! THE VIKING VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! IF I HADN'T COME IN WHEN I DID, HE WOULDN'T HAVE CREATED A DIVERSION TO ESCAPE!

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, NAMORA! THE VIKING IS A CLEVER, RUTHLESS KILLER! WE'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE AT HIM!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

THE FIRST STEP IS TO DISCOVER *WHY* ALPHONSO GREEN WAS KILLED! I NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM!

NEXT DAY, AT THE NEWSPAPER MORGUE...

I CHECKED THE FILES ON GREEN, SUB-MARINER! HE WAS QUITE A WELL KNOWN YACHTSMAN!

HMMM! HE HAD A SHIP ENTERED IN ROSS PALMER'S MILLION DOLLAR REGATTA! A MODEL OF AN ANCIENT SLAVE VESSEL!

APPARENTLY SOMEONE DIDN'T WANT ALPHONSO GREEN TO ENTER THAT RACE! I'LL WAGER HIS SHIP IS STILL AT THE DOCK! THANKS, BETTY!

EDITOR'S OFFICE

THERE IT IS — AN ANCIENT SLAVE GALLEY! MUST HAVE COST A LOT OF MONEY TO BUILD! BUT THEN, ALPHONSO GREEN WAS COMPETING FOR A MILLION DOLLAR PRIZE!

HELLO, THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOARD MY SHIP?

YOUR SHIP?

I'M PAUL GREEN! ALPHONSO GREEN WAS MY UNCLE! SINCE I INHERITED HIS ESTATE I ALSO INHERIT THIS SHIP!

I SEE! ARE YOU GOING TO ENTER THE PALMER REGATTA?

YES! I FEEL THIS SHIP HAS A VERY GOOD CHANCE TO WIN!

SOMECNE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO WIN! I'M SURE THAT'S WHY YOUR UNCLE WAS MURDERED! THE KILLER MAY TRY TO SABOTAGE THE SHIP!

DO YOU MIND IF I LOOK AROUND?

NOT AT ALL! I MUST GO BACK TO TOWN FOR A WHILE!

I PROMISED TO MEET BETTY, NAMOR! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

OKAY, NAMORA!

WHEN NAMORA LEAVES...

I STILL THINK ALPHONSO WAS MURDERED TO PREVENT HIM FROM COMPETING IN THE RACE!

WHAT'S THAT?

GURGLE GURGLE

SOUNDS LIKE RUSHING WATER! IT'S COMING FROM THE HOLD OF THE SHIP!

THE VIKING! HE'S OPENING THE SEA COCKS TO SCUTTLE THE SHIP!

SUB-MARINER!

STOP HIM!

THAT WILL TAKE SOME DOING, VIKING!

HELP!

OOOOF!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE SMALL FRY!

NOW I WANT THE BIG FISH HIMSELF!

NO VIKING EVER RETREATED IN THE FACE OF DANGER!

OOOOF!

THEN SHALL WE CALL THIS A "STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL"?

NOW WHY WERE YOU GOING TO SCUTTLE THIS SHIP?

IT WAS GOING TO SAIL TO VIKING'S COVE! NO ALIEN VESSEL CAN PROFANE THE PLACE WHERE LIE THE BONES OF THE FIRST VIKINGS TO REACH AMERICA!

DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE...

WELL DONE! MY TALE DELAYED HIM UNTIL YOU COULD STRIKE!

TOO BAD THE BLADE MISSED CLEAVING HIS SKULL!

I'LL KILL HIM NOW!

I'VE A BETTER PLAN! IF WE SCUTTLE THE SHIP HERE, THEY'LL RECOVER HIS BODY! BUT IF THE SHIP IS LOST AT SEA, NO ONE WILL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

WE'LL LET THE SHIP BEGIN THE RACE! BUT NEITHER THE SHIP NOR SUB-MARINER WILL EVER SEE VIKING'S COVE!

NEXT DAY, THE DAY OF THE PALMER REGATTA...

I HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM PRINCE NAMOR! I'M GETTING WORRIED ABOUT HIM!

THE BIG RACE IS STARTING! PRINCE NAMOR WOULDN'T MISS THIS UNLESS SOMETHING WERE WRONG!

HE'S BOUND TO SHOW UP SOMEWHERE ALONG THE ROUTE! I'LL FOLLOW THE RACE AWHILE! THE PHOENICIAN SLAVE GALLEY'S TAKEN AN EARLY LEAD!

Only A FEW HOURS SAIL FROM THE HARBOR, THE COMPETING SHIPS PLUNGE INTO THE PATH OF A ROARING STORM!

THE SAILING SHIPS ARE HARD HIT BY THE STORM! THE MODEL OF FULTON'S STEAMBOAT, AND THE SLAVE GALLEY ARE FIGHTING FOR THE LEAD NOW!

Suddenly!

WE'RE SHIPPING WATER FOR'ARD!

THE BOW'S STOVE IN! **WE'VE BEEN SABOTAGED! ABANDON SHIP!**

THE SLAVE GALLEY'S CAPSIZING! THOSE MEN WILL NEED HELP TO SURVIVE IN THIS STORM!

Again AND AGAIN NAMORA BRAVES THE WRATH OF THE STORM TO CARRY THE DOOMED MEN TO SAEETY!

HERE'S THE LAST OF THEM!

WHAT A GAL!

THERE SHE GOES! WELL, THERE'S NO ONE ON BOARD THE GALLEY NOW!

But, UNKNOWN TO NAMORA, SUB-MARINER IS A PRISONER IN THE STERN OF THE DOOMED SHIP!

THE SHIP'S TAKING ITS LAST PLUNGE! THE VIKING CHAINED ME HERE TO DIE WITH IT! HE LOOSENED THE BOW PLANKING SO THE FIRST HEAVY WAVE WOULD SINK THE SHIP!

BUT THE VIKING ***DIDN'T*** KNOW THAT ***WATER*** GIVES ME ***STRENGTH!***

IT WAS ONLY THE ***LACK*** OF WATER THAT KEPT ME WEAK ENOUGH TO REMAIN A PRISONER!

PRINCE NAMOR!

YOU WERE IN THAT SHIP! BUT WHY?

THE VIKING MISCALCULATED BADLY WHEN HE TRIED TO KILL ME!

WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?

THE VIKING MUST WANT A ***CERTAIN*** SHIP TO WIN THIS RACE! I'M ***NOT*** CERTAIN ***WHICH ONE*** YET!

BUT HE'LL STRIKE AT THE OTHERS SOMETIME BEFORE THEY REACH VIKING'S COVE!

WE WON'T BE FAR AWAY WHEN HE DOES!

WHEN THE STORM ABATES, THE CLIPPER SHIP LIES HELPLESS WITH BROKEN MASTS ON HER LITTERED DECK!

WE CAN'T MOVE! THEY'LL HAVE TO TOW US BACK TO PORT!

AND SO, ONLY ONE ENTRY REMAINS!

HURRAH FOR FULTON'S STEAMBOAT! WE'RE A CINCH TO REACH THE COVE FIRST NOW!

THEN!

YOU'LL *NEVER* SEE VIKING'S COVE! *HA! HA!*

SCUTTLE THE SHIP! IF ANYONE TRIES TO RESIST, *KILL THEM!*

THEN YOU'D BETTER START WITH *US!*

BECAUSE *WE'RE* RESISTING!

YOU-AGAIN!

THE GAME'S UP! BUT I'LL ESCAPE!

THE VIKING'S LONG-BOAT IS MOVING AWFULLY FAST WITHOUT OARS!

IT PROBABLY HAS A SPECIAL MOTOR!

THE DUO DIVES INTO THE SEA... THEN!

BUT ***HE ISN'T*** A ***REAL*** VIKING ANYWAY!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THEN ***WHY*** DIDN'T HE WANT ANY OF THE SHIPS TO REACH VIKING'S COVE?

FOR A VERY OBVIOUS REASON! HE WOULD LOSE A MILLION DOLLARS, IF ANY SHIP COMPLETED THE RACE! THE VIKING IS...

ROSS PALMER!

HALP!

Later...

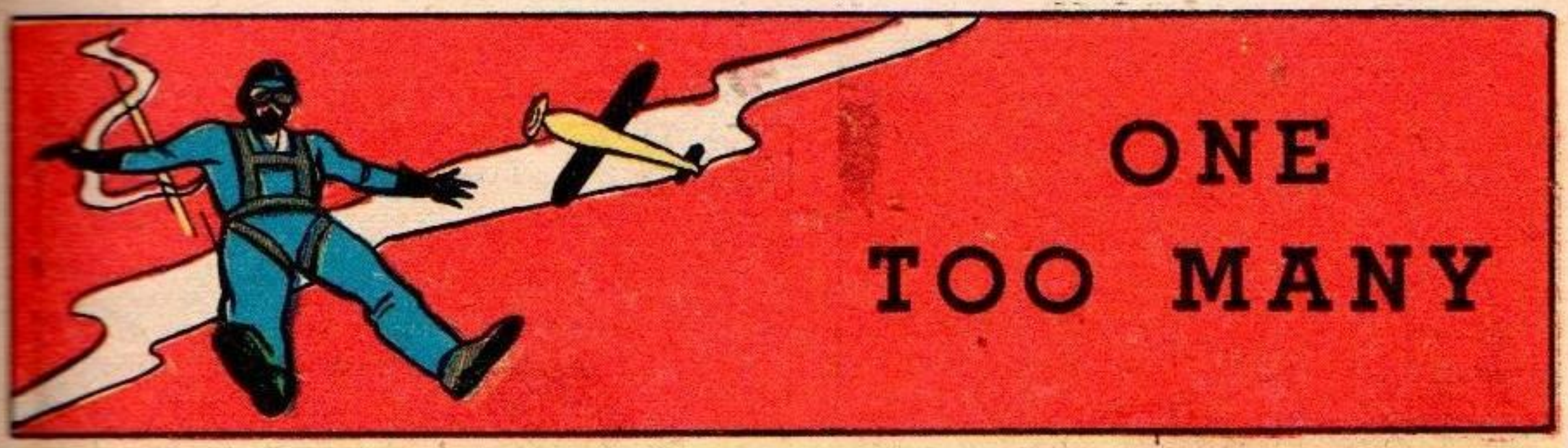
I LOST MOST OF MY FORTUNE IN SPECULATION! IF I CALLED OFF THE RACE, MY PARTNERS WOULD GUESS WHAT HAPPENED!

SO YOU LET THE RACE GO ON AS SCHEDULED, BUT TRIED TO SEE TO IT THAT NO SHIP FINISHED! ALPHONSO GREEN GUESSED THE TRUTH, AND ***YOU*** KILLED HIM!

THEY CALLED HIM THE BIGGEST GAMBLER IN HISTORY! ***THIS WAS*** HIS ***BIGGEST*** GAMBLE, WITH THE STAKES LIFE AND DEATH!

AND HE ***LOST!***

THE END



ONE TOO MANY

JIMMY MULLINS read the sign outside Mammoth Studios once again. It began, "WANTED, STUNT MAN TO MAKE DELAYED JUMP FROM PLANE." He felt his knees shaking like a hedgerow in the wind but he knew it meant a thousand dollars, and *that* he *had* to get! One thousand dollars or he lost his home to the finance company. Like an old-time film, he thought. Comes the villain for his dough, hero has to perform valiant deed to get the cash.

If it were only that easy it would be all right, but it wasn't. He had worn out three pairs of shoes looking for a job, but nothing seemed to fit him. That is, nothing but this. He could go in now, take the job and have the money. Simple, yet not so simple. Jimmy was afraid of nothing, nothing at all except height. Even the thought of being on a step-ladder terrified him. That was one reason why he built his house all on the street level.

No, he couldn't just stand there; it was now or never. Trying desperately to control his violent trembling, Jimmy turned on his heel and walked through the gate and into the office marked CASTING.

"Nothing to it," the director was saying. "All you do is go up to fifteen thousand feet, then bail out. Open your chute at three thousand and that's it. Another plane will be shooting you as you step out."

"W-will I get a thousand dollars for it?"

"You get better than that. Under our rules you get fifteen hundred. Now, if you'll just sign here we can get you out to location for the stunt."

Jimmy glanced briefly at the contract. As far as he could see it was all in order. When the scene was complete and "in the cans" he would receive the complete sum the same day. He signed on the dotted line, hardly recognizing his own handwriting when he was through.

By two o'clock that afternoon he was ready to admit that these movie studios really did things in a big way. He had been packed into a station wagon with a couple other men and rushed across the state to the desert where the whole company was filming a daring war story. All the way there he poured over several books he had picked up in the library on the technique of parachuting. Every few minutes he stopped to wish that he hadn't been so impulsive as to tell the director that he was a veteran of hundreds of leaps.

By the time they arrived on the set, shooting was over for the day. No, Jimmy said to himself. Don't make me suffer another day. Why can't I get it over with? He didn't think he'd be able to sleep at all that night, but he had so worn himself out with worry during the day that his eyes closed the moment his head touched the pillow.

At six o'clock he was shaken out of bed. "You go on in an hour, pal," a fellow told him. "Better get downstairs for some breakfast." Jimmy didn't want any breakfast; he just wanted to be left alone. However, the director didn't see it that way.

"Here's the story," he told Jimmy. "You're the hero, see? No, not the real one, he's too

valuable to us to send up, but you're going to take his place, get it? Of course, with goggles and a flying suit on, nobody will be able to tell the difference. You just wait until the pilot tells you to go over the side and hit the silk. Any questions?"

Jimmy shook his head. He climbed into a green cloth suit, pulled on a leather jacket and managed somehow to get the chute on in the correct manner. "So help me," he muttered, "if I come out of this alive I'll never go up again. No, sir, when I get that thousand I'm going to live in the basement all the time! I won't even play leap frog!"

He saw the pilot motioning to him from the ship, and with the utmost effort, put one protesting foot in front of the other until he reached it. Somebody boosted him in and helped secure the safety belt, then the pilot blasted the engine and they were tearing down the dirt into the wind.

Jimmy got sick before the plane was off the ground. He got sick again after they made their first turn! He shut his eyes, not daring to look down. If he did he knew he'd be hammering on the cockpit walls screaming to be let out. It was awful. The only thing that kept him alive at all was the thought of the thousand dollars and the fact that his house would be his own. It wasn't a very comforting thought considering the circumstances, but it was the only one he had.

The altimeter read 15,000 feet before he knew it. A voice in his ears said, "We're here. You can climb out now. See you on the ground." Jimmy's heart hit the bottom of his stomach. Twice, he swallowed to choke off a sob, but his feet wouldn't move. The voice said, "What's the matter, stuck?" Jimmy's fingers got involved with the safety belt, somehow opening it. The pilot mistook the shaking of his entire frame for a nod, and yelled, "Don't bother climbing, I'll dump you."

Before Jimmy could protest the ship turned on its back. With a horrible sensation, Jimmy saw the plane above him fall away . . . no, it was *he* who was falling! The plane was getting smaller and smaller. He turned his head and the whole world went topsy turvy and his stomach went with it. Never had he been so scared before!

Little dots on the ground two miles below became houses and ants became autos. He could see the entire layout of the movie set and it was rushing toward him with incredible speed to smack him in the face. He couldn't stand it! It was moments before he remembered the chute. His fingers clawed for the ripcord, snatched it free, but nothing happened. Hastily, he glanced over his head . . . the worst had happened! His chute was a "streamer"! Instead of opening, it had fouled and was strung out behind him like a tail on a kite!

With mad desperation he pulled on the shroud lines, twisted his body, screamed, anything that might help, but nothing worked. The ground was coming up in a blind rush. Already he could distinguish people, even the pieces of movie equipment. Seconds . . . bare, fleeting seconds to go!

He tried in those seconds to remember what his book had said about streamers, and his heart almost stopped beating when it came to him that he hadn't finished the chapter that told about it. Again and again he pulled on his lines in a series of frenzied jerks, as though he were trying to climb right up the nylon cords. He gave one violent tug before he decided to stare death in the face, and that tug did it! The force of the fall was broken by a crack as the chute opened and pulled him to a momentary standstill a mere five hundred feet off the ground. Jimmy took one look down and promptly fainted!

The director was splashing cold water on his face when he revived. His eyes flickered. "Wonderful!" the director shouted, "the best spot in the picture. Did you bump your head in the landing?" To cover his chagrin, Jimmy simply nodded. "Nothing serious," the director continued. "Feel all right now?" Jimmy nodded again. He could almost taste that thousand dollars.

"Swell," the director said again. "Now, go on up and make *another* jump. *This* one will be a *take!*"

THE END

SUB-MARINER

SUNKEN SHIPS AND HUNDREDS OF LIVES LOST! THIS MASS DESTRUCTION IS OF LITTLE CONCERN TO THE WATERFRONT KILLER KNOWN AS "TINFISH"! NO CRIME IS TOO BIG FOR THIS MASTER-PLOTTER, WITH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AS THE PRIZE! **SUB-MARINER** AND THE BEAUTIFUL **NAMORA** BECOME INVOLVED IN A SENSATIONAL PLOT AS THEY ATTEMPT TO PUT A STOP TO THE DIABOLICAL MACHINATIONS IN

"The HARBOR of MADMEN!"

A PEACEFUL SUMMER AFTERNOON IN **NEW YORK HARBOR** IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY A **TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION!**

WHOOM!

NEARBY ARE TWO AQUATIC WITNESSES----

JUMPIN' JUPITER! THAT FREIGHTER LITERALLY BLEW ITSELF TO PIECES, NAMORA!

COME ON — MAYBE WE CAN HELP!

AND AS THE BLAZING WRECK SINKS---

WE CAN HELP BEST BY FINDING OUT WHAT CAUSED IT --- LET'S TAKE A LOOK ---

WHAT A TERRIFIC HOLE!

AND ONLY A **TORPEDO** COULD HAVE MADE IT! BUT---THE WAR'S OVER --- I'M GOING TO TALK TO THE OWNER OF THIS SHIPPING LINE!

10 MINUTES LATER, IN THE OWNER'S OFFICE--

HOW ABOUT RIVAL COMPANIES, MR. OLIVER?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO---NONE WOULD DARE TAKE SUCH DRASTIC MEASURES JUST TO HURT MY BUSINESS!

MEANWHILE NAMORA SWIMS NEAR THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION --- THE AREA IS FULL OF SMALL BOATS ----

SOME ARE RESCUE BOATS, I SUPPOSE, BUT MOST OF 'EM LOOK LIKE CURIOUS SPECTATORS -- MAYBE I CAN PICK UP SOME INFORMATION FROM EYE-WITNESSES ----

OH-OH! WHAT'S THIS ???

HO! VASN'T SHE A BEAUT! DER OLD MAN'LL GIF YOU A RAISE FOR DIS, HANS!

BAH! "TINFISH" VOULDN'T PART MIT A *MARK* IF HISS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT!

SUDDENLY A POLICE BOAT CRUISES BY --- AND THE POWERFUL LAUNCH HEELS ABOUT!

DONNERWETTER! DER POLEZE! LET'S GED OUDT OF HERE --- BACK TO DER BOATHOUSE, OTTO — *QVICK!*

POLICE

NAMORA FOLLOWS, UNSEEN, AS THE LAUNCH HEADS INTO **LONG ISLAND SOUND**, AND BERTHS AT A DOCK ON THE NORTH SHORE ---

MAYBE I'M CRAZY — THESE MUGS *COULD* BE JUST SMALL-TIME CROOKS — BUT I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE ANYWAY ----

HO-HO-HO! DOT VAS VUN OF DER BEST JOBS DER "*LIDDLE FISHES*" EFER PULLED OFF, CHIEF!

GOOD! BUT IT WON'T BE THE LAST ----WE'VE GOT TWO MORE TO SINK, AND MY BROTHER TO TAKE CARE OF BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!

EXCITED AT THE RESULT OF HER EAVESDROPPING, NAMORA RACES BACK TO NEW YORK AND BETTY DEAN'S APARTMENT, WHERE SHE MEETS NAMOR-

HOLD YOUR HATS, FRIENDS! I'VE GOT SOME HOT NEWS!

N

SHE TELLS HER STORY BRIEFLY --- THEN --------

SO ---I CAN BE WRONG, BUT IT SURE LOOKS TO ME LIKE THOSE BIRDS HAD MORE THAN A LITTLE TO DO WITH THIS AFFAIR ---

NICE SNOOPING, NAMORA! I'LL TAKE A RUN OUT THERE MYSELF AND SEE WHAT I CAN PICK UP!

WITHIN FIVE MINUTES, NAMOR HOISTS HIMSELF TO THE DOCK OF THE BOATHOUSE-

---TO BE WELCOMED BY AN ALERT GUARD! ----

BOP!

HE IS THEN TIED UP IN A SMALL STOREROOM--

DON' CHUST STAN' DERE, *SCHWEINEN!* GEDT DER *"TINFISH"!*

OCH!

WHAT'S THE DAD-BLASTED COMMOTION OUT HERE ??? I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED! ***WHO'S THIS CHARACTER?***

2000 L
NO. 10 T
DETONA
DANGE
2000 L

A CURIOUS SWIMMER - *OR A* ***BLASTED, CLEVER SPY?*** WHOEVER HE IS, HE PROBABLY KNOWS TOO MUCH --- ***GET RID OF HIM!*** ---THROW HIM —— ***NO!*** *WAIT A MINUTE!* ***WHAT ARE THOSE WINGS ON HIS ANKLES ???***

ACH, DEY'RE CHUST A DEVICE TO HELP DER GUY SVIM, CHIEF!

I'M NOT SO SURE--- *I'VE SEEN THOSE FEET SOMEWHERE BEFORE!* BUT WE'LL SEAL 'EM IN CEMENT, AND TOSS HIM OUT IN THE "SOUND"!

FORESEEING THE FATE "TINFISH" HAS PLANNED FOR HIM, NAMOR MAKES A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM!

LOOG OUDT —DOT CASE!

SNAP!

IN THE SCUFFLE THAT FOLLOWS, NAMOR RIPS THE GAG FROM HIS FACE, AND HIS HAND DARTS OUT TOWARD A SMALL RED BOX SPILLED FROM THE SHATTERED PACKING-CASE ----

---THEN, WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, HE POPS A TINY COPPER TUBE INTO HIS MOUTH!

A MOMENT LATER HE IS AGAIN SUBDUED, AND CAREFULLY TRUSSED UP BY HIS WARY AND FURIOUS CAPTORS!

GOTT MIT UNS! DIS *DUMKOPFER'S* SLIPPERY AS AN EEL!

BAH! CAST HIS FEET IN CEMENT, AND LET HIM TRY TO SLIP OUT OF *THAT*!

AN OPEN BLOCK OF CONCRETE IS BROUGHT IN, AND A MIXTURE OF RAPID-DRYING CEMENT ---

--HIS FEET FIRMLY IMBEDDED, HE IS CARRIED TO A WAITING ROWBOAT -----

HOKAY, EMIL - VE GEDT RID UF HIM NOW!

---AND DUMPED UNCEREMONIOUSLY INTO THE CHANNEL!

OFER VE GO, BEAUDIFUL! I HOPE DER FISHES LIKE DER TASTE UF YOU!

---BUT AS SOON AS HE HITS THE WATER, NAMOR BECOMES EXTREMELY BUSY!

THESE SHARP ROCKS MAKE A GOOD KNIFE --- AND IT'S A LUCKY THING THEY DIDN'T SEE WHAT I DID IN THE STOREROOM ----

HE TAKES THE SMALL COPPER TUBE FROM HIS MOUTH, AND BURIES IT HALF-WAY IN THE STILL SOFT CEMENT ----

THEN, WITH A ROCK IN HIS RIGHT HAND, HE STRIKES IT SHARPLY!

BANG!

SHATTERED BY THE MINOR EXPLOSION, THE BLOCK FALLS AWAY FROM NAMOR'S FEET, AND HE QUICKLY DARTS TO THE SURFACE .....

HANDY LITTLE THINGS, THOSE TETRYL BLASTING CAPS!

---WHERE HE SURVEYS A STRANGE AND BUSY SCENE AT THE DOCK -----

ALL READY, HANS? CAST OFF, AND FOLLOW ME!

OH-OH! WHERE HAVE I SEEN A CONTRAPTION LIKE THAT BEFORE?

NAMOR SWIMS UNNOTICED IN THE WAKE OF THE TWO VESSELS ----

THEY'RE HEADING BACK TOWARD THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR---AND THE LITTLE BOAT IS **SUBMERGING!**

IN THE HARBOR, NAMOR WATCHES THE TRAIL OF THE TINY **SUBMARINE** AS IT HEADS DIRECTLY TOWARD AN INBOUND **OLIVER LINE** FREIGHTER!

NAMORA WAS RIGHT! THAT OTHER SHIP MUST HAVE BEEN SUNK BY ONE OF THESE *ONE-MAN U-BOATS!*

A MOMENT LATER ITS PILOT BREAKS OUT OF THE AIR-TIGHT PLEXIGLASS COCKPIT, AND SWIMS RAPIDLY AWAY ----

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET EVEN!

IN A FLASH NAMOR OCCUPIES THE PILOT'S SEAT AND SEIZES THE CONTROLS!

HE'S SET IT ON THE GYROSCOPE -"AUTOMATIC"- BUT I'LL BRING IT BACK TO "MANUAL" AND HAVE A LITTLE FUN!

MEANWHILE, THE LAUNCH, CRUISING NEAR, PICKS UP THE SWIMMING PILOT---

NICE WORK, HANS! YOU--**HEY!** WHAT **THE DEVIL'S HAPPENING TO THE "LITTLE FISH"? IT'S TURNED - AND IT'S HEADED RIGHT FOR US!!!**

GET THIS TUB ROLLIN'! IF THAT CRAZY THING EVER CATCHES UP WITH US, WE'LL BE BLOWN CLEAR OFF THE MAP!!! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

THE MOTOR ROARS, AND THE LAUNCH SKIDS OUT OF THE HARBOR AT FULL SPEED .....

CONTROLS MUST'VE JAMMED, CHIEF -- I CAN'T UNNERSTAND IT!

NEVER MIND ---- BACK TO THE BASE, OTTO!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, "TINFISH" ENTERS HIS OFFICE ---

LOOK VOT I FOUND SNOOPIN' AROUND DER BOATHOUSE, CHIEF!

HUH?

BLAST ME! WINGS ON HER ANKLES, TOO! NOW I KNOW WHO THAT SWIMMER WAS — THE SUB-MARINER! AND THIS IS ONE OF HIS GIRL FRIENDS! WE SHOULD HAVE SHOT HIM, INSTEAD OF THROWING HIM IN THE DRINK!

HE CAN'T DROWN! HE PROBABLY ESCAPED SOMEHOW, AND'LL BE BACK HERE TO GET HIS REVENGE! --- WE'LL HOLD HIS GIRL AS HOSTAGE, JUST IN CASE --- TIE HER UP ON THE DOCK, AND GUARD HER WITH A TOMMY-GUN!

THE LEADER'S INSTRUCTIONS ARE PROMPTLY CARRIED OUT ....

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU SWINE!

MEANWHILE --- **NAMOR**, GUIDING THE "**LITTLE FISH**", ENTERS THE SOUND, AND HEADS FOR THE BOATHOUSE ----

THINK I'LL GIVE 'EM A **BANG-UP SURPRISE!**

---SETTING THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS, HE LEAPS FROM THE COCKPIT ---

THE **WARHEAD** ON THIS THING CONTAINS THE SAME AMOUNT OF EXPLOSIVE AS A **3000-POUND TORPEDO!** OUGHT TO WAKE UP THE NEIGHBORS WHEN IT HITS THE DOCK!

---BUT INSTANTLY HE SEES **NAMORA** LASHED TO THE PILING! ----

SUFFERIN' SUNFISH - NO! - IT CAN'T BE!!! WHAT HAVE I *DONE* ???

LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, HE STREAKS AFTER THE INFERNAL MACHINE!

NO TIME TO RE-SET THE CONTROLS ---THIS'LL HAVE TO BE "*HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT*"!!!

MAN VERSUS MACHINE! THE INDOMITABLE **SUB-MARINER** AND THE IMPERSONAL **ROBOT** FIGHT IT OUT WITH **LIFE** OR **DEATH** AT STAKE !!! -------

ATTRACTED BY THE COMMOTION, NAMORA'S GUARD SOUNDS THE ALARM!

WHAT TH- — ???
TINFISH!
COME HERE!

WHAT — ? **GREAT GALLOPIN' GARFISH!** ***THE SUB-MARINER!*** I TOLD YOU HE'D GET LOOSE ---- BUT HE'S GOT THE RUNAWAY *U-BOAT! HE'LL BLOW US TO BITS!* --- COME ON, LADS — **WE'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE!**

LEAVING **NAMORA** *TIED TO THE DOCK,* **"TINFISH"** *AND HIS LIEUTENANTS LEAP INTO THE LAUNCH, AND SPEED OUT OF THE COVE -----*

HA-HA! IF HE BLOWS UP ANYBODY, IT'LL BE HIS OWN GIRLFRIEND, EH, BOYS?

BUT NAMOR IS QUICK TO THE RESCUE ---

COME ON, GIRL - YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER THE SUBMARINE!

WITH **NAMORA** *AT THE CONTROLS, AND A HEFTY STICK IN HIS HAND,* **NAMOR** *LEADS THE DEATH-DEALING MACHINE IN RAPID PURSUIT OF THE GETAWAY LAUNCH ---*

WITH LUCK, I CAN HOLD 'EM TILL NAMORA CATCHES UP ----

GAINING THE VESSEL'S STERN, HE JAMS THE STICK BETWEEN THE WHIRLING BLADES OF THE PROPELLER!

THIS TRICK HAS WORKED BEFORE --- IT OUGHT TO AGAIN!

THE CRAFT SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY!

PROPELLER FOULED!

UND DER U-BOAT GAINING ON US!

LEAVING THE HELPLESS LAUNCH, **NAMOR** RACES TO A DOCK OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT—HARBOR DIVISION---

COME WITH ME, LADS! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!

SUB-MARINER!

N. Y. C. DEPARTMENT OF POLICE HARBOR DIVISION

THE OPEN BOAT ROARS OUT INTO THE "SOUND"----

WHAT'S THE DEAL, NAMOR?

I'VE GOT THE GANG THAT SUNK THE *OLIVER LINE* FREIGHTER! *LOOK — **THERE!*** THE CRAFT IS DISABLED, BUT THE CREW IS ARMED - AND THEY'RE DESPERATE!!!

POLICE

---AND, AS THEY APPROACH WITHIN RANGE -----

MEIN GOTT! DER SCHWEINER POLEZE!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

DOHN!

AFTER THE INITIAL BURST OF FIRE, ONE OF THE TRAPPED CREW SWINGS HIS SUB-MACHINE GUN IN LINE WITH **NAMORA**, STILL ADVANCING IN THE DEADLY SUBMARINE! -----

DER U-BOAT! I'LL BL——!!!

NO! NO! STOP - YOU FOOL!

DON'T SHOOT! THE "LITTLE FISH" IS *TOO NEAR* --- IF YOU SHOULD MISS THE PILOT *(WHOEVER IT IS!)* AND HIT THE HULL, **WE'LL *ALL* BE BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME!**

SEEING HER ADVANTAGE, NAMORA LEANS OUT OF THE COCKPIT ----

AHOY "TINFISH"! DROP YOUR GUNS OVERBOARD, AND SURRENDER, OR I'LL RAM THIS TORPEDO RIGHT IN YOUR MIDDLE!!!

STUNNED BY THIS FINAL THREAT, "TINFISH" CAPITULATES! ----

CHIEF! DER —!

NO! IT'S NO USE — THEY'VE GOT US! PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS ----

NICE TRY, FAT BOY - BUT YOUR IDEAS WERE TOO BIG! WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE *NAZI* ONE-MAN U-BOATS ?

IT'S ALL OVER --- I'LL TELL YOU —

POLICE

I LEFT AMERICA IN 1930 --- WENT TO GERMANY AND JOINED THE *NAZI* PARTY --- MY FAMILY DISOWNED ME --- WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER I ESCAPED WITH SOME *S.S.* MEN AND TEN OF THESE LITTLE "FISH" --- WE CAME BACK TO THE STATES TO GET REVENGE AGAINST ——--—

WE'D BETTER GET HOLD OF OLIVER!

POLICE

AT THE PRECINCT STATION, THE SHIP-OWNER IS SUMMONED ---

HENRY OLIVER - MY BROTHER !!! WHAT----???

HELLO, PETER ---

YES --- IT'S I, HENRY --- I WANTED TO SINK ALL YOUR SHIPS - PUT YOU OUT OF BUSINESS - THEN I PLANNED TO KILL YOU AND PRESENT MYSELF AS THE SOLE SURVIVING HEIR TO YOUR FORTUNE ---- WITH YOUR ESTATE AND INSURANCE MONEY, I INTENDED TO REBUILD THE *NAZI* PARTY — BUT I DIDN'T COUNT ON RUNNING INTO THE *SUB-MARINER!*

NICE WORK, *PRINCE NAMOR!* THIS IS A HORRIBLE BLOW, BUT *JUSTICE* WILL HAVE TO TAKE ITS COURSE --- MY BROTHER WILL BE PROPERLY PUNISHED - THANKS TO YOU!

AND TO MY COLLEAGUE - *NAMORA!*

-THE END-

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP ★

"INVITATION TO A MURDER!"

SL-976

Dear Mike,
I am having a few friends over for the week-end. Would like you and your pretty secretary to join us
Stacy

WOULD THE PRETTY MISS "CANDY" CARSON CARE TO ACCEPT?

IMAGINE BEING THE GUEST OF A FAMOUS AUTHOR!

SO, THE TWO ARRIVE AT THE HOME OF STACY WILLIAMS...

GOOD OF YOU TO COME -- COME IN AND MEET MY GUESTS!

QUITE A PLACE YOU HAVE HERE--SWIMMING POOL AND ALL!

THIS, MICHAEL, IS THE GREAT STAR OF STAGE AND SCREEN, CONRAD VOORHEES!

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NO-WHERE, STACY -- PLEASED TO MEET YOU, TRAPP!

AND THIS IS NONE OTHER THAN THE FUTURE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP -- JOHNNY CROWN!

And AFTER MEETING ALL OF THE GUESTS...

MIKE, I DON'T LIKE THIS!

WHAT DON'T YOU LIKE?

VOORHEES AND THAT OVER-SIZED PUGILIST -- IF YOU CAN REMEMBER CLEARLY, VOORHEES MARRIED THE GIRL CROWN WAS ENGAGED TO! IT ISN'T ALL HONEY BETWEEN THEM!

YES, IT WAS IN ALL THE PAPERS ABOUT A YEAR AGO!

WHEN YOU WANT TO TURN IN, MY BUTLER WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOMS!

STACY, IS THERE STILL ILL FEELING BETWEEN CROWN AND VOORHEES?

I'M AFRAID SO, MIKE -- I THOUGHT BY BRINGING THEM TOGETHER LIKE THIS THEY MIGHT SETTLE THEIR DIFFERENCES! WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S CROWN AND VOORHEES ARGUING!

I'D BETTER BREAK IT UP BEFORE THE HOME OF STACY WILLIAMS TURNS INTO A MADISON SQUARE GARDEN!

SOMEHOW I HAVE A FEELING THAT THE SERVICES OF A DETECTIVE WILL BE NEEDED AROUND HERE!

LATER THAT EVENING...

MIKE, GET UP--VOORHEES HAD AN ACCIDENT--HE'S DEAD!

BANG!

BANG!

WE INTENDED TAKING A MIDNIGHT SWIM! VOORHEES JUMPED FROM THE SPRING BOARD AND STRUCK HIS HEAD ON THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL! SOMEONE HAS DRAINED SOME OF THE WATER OUT!

LET'S GET DOWN TO THE POOL, STACY!

THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD IS SOON AWAKENED...

GOSH, MIKE HAD A HUNCH SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

AT THE POOL...

HORRIBLE!

LET'S HAVE THE WHOLE STORY, STACY. WHAT HAPPENED?

EARLIER IN THE EVENING, I SUGGESTED TO CROWN AND VOORHEES THAT WE MEET AROUND MIDNIGHT FOR A SWIM. I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME FOR THEM TO BURY THE HATCHET!

AS I APPROACHED THE POOL, I SAW CONRAD ON THE HIGH DIVING BOARD. HE WAVED AND JUMPED-- HE NEVER CAME UP!

SAY, WHAT IS THIS? AM I BEING ACCUSED OF DRAINING THAT WATER?

TAKE IT EASY, CROWN! NO ONE IS...SAY, WHAT'S THAT ON THE DIVING BOARD?

WHY, IT'S A WRIST WATCH, WITH THE INITIALS C.V.!

C.V.

THAT BELONGED TO VOORHEES. I SAW HIM REMOVE THE WATCH AND PLACE IT THERE BEFORE HE JUMPED!

STACY, THIS IS A HARD THING FOR ME TO DO— BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO CHALLENGE YOUR STORY!

VOORHEES' DEATH WAS **DELIBERATE MURDER!** HE WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD AND THEN THROWN INTO THE POOL! STACY, **YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER!**

LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

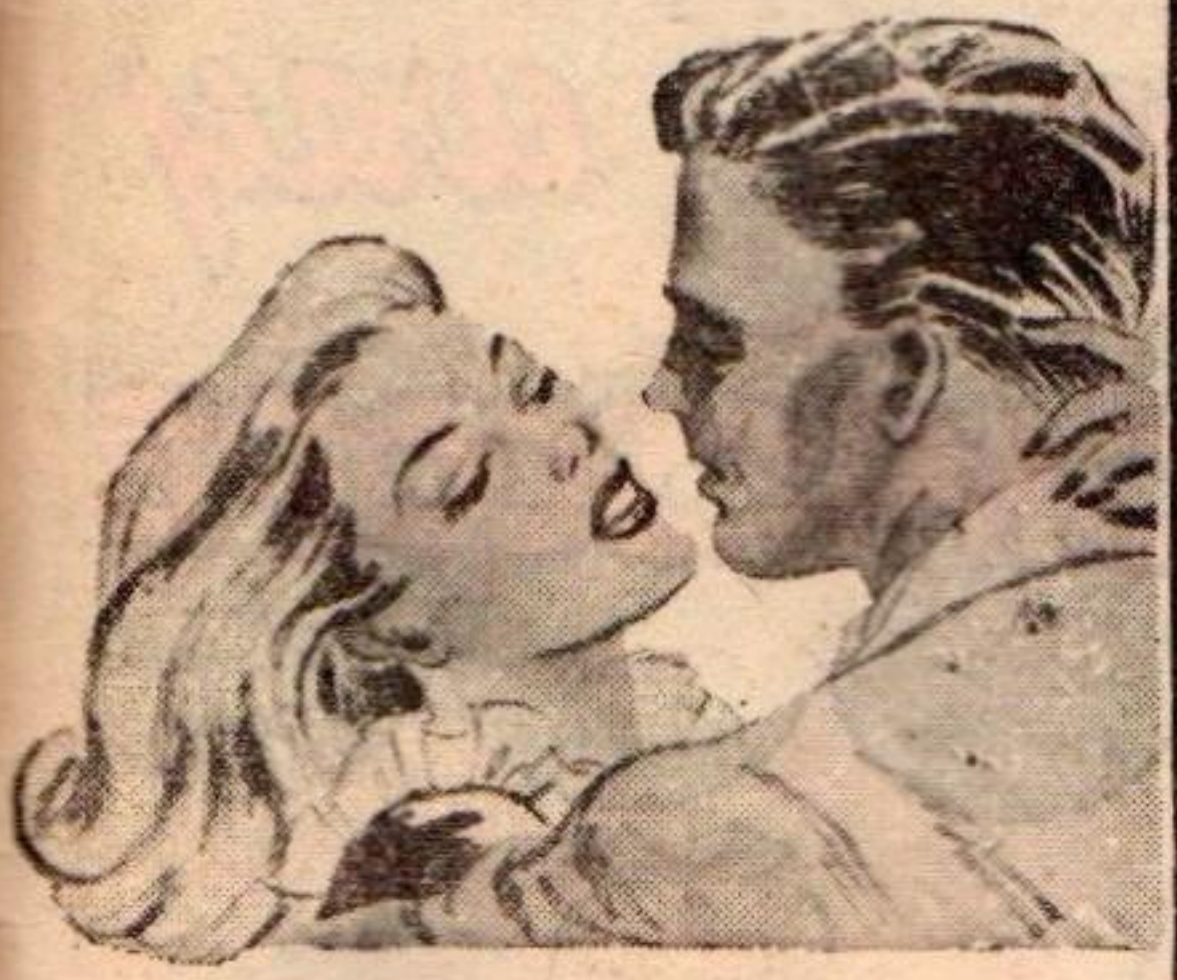
I PLANNED THIS FOR MONTHS... THE SUSPICION WAS TO FALL ON CROWN, AND I WANTED **YOU** THERE TO ARREST HIM. WHY DID I KILL HIM? VOORHEES DISCOVERED THAT A SECOND RATE WRITER WROTE ALL MY STUFF, AND THAT I COULD REALLY **NEVER WRITE**... HE BLACKMAILED ME FOR A CONSIDERABLE SUM... YOU KNOW THE REST!

MIKE... THERE'S ONE THING THAT PUZZLES ME... HOW DID YOU KNOW **STACY** WAS THE KILLER, AND **NOT** CROWN?

THE **WATCH** ON THE SPRING-BOARD... IF VOORHEES PLACED HIS WATCH ON THE BOARD AND THEN JUMPED, THE WATCH WOULD HAVE SURELY FALLEN INTO THE POOL! TO HELP ESTABLISH HIS ALIBI STACY MADE THE STUPID MISTAKE OF PLACING THE WATCH THERE, AND SAVING HE **SAW** VOORHEES **DIVE** OFF!

THE END

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!



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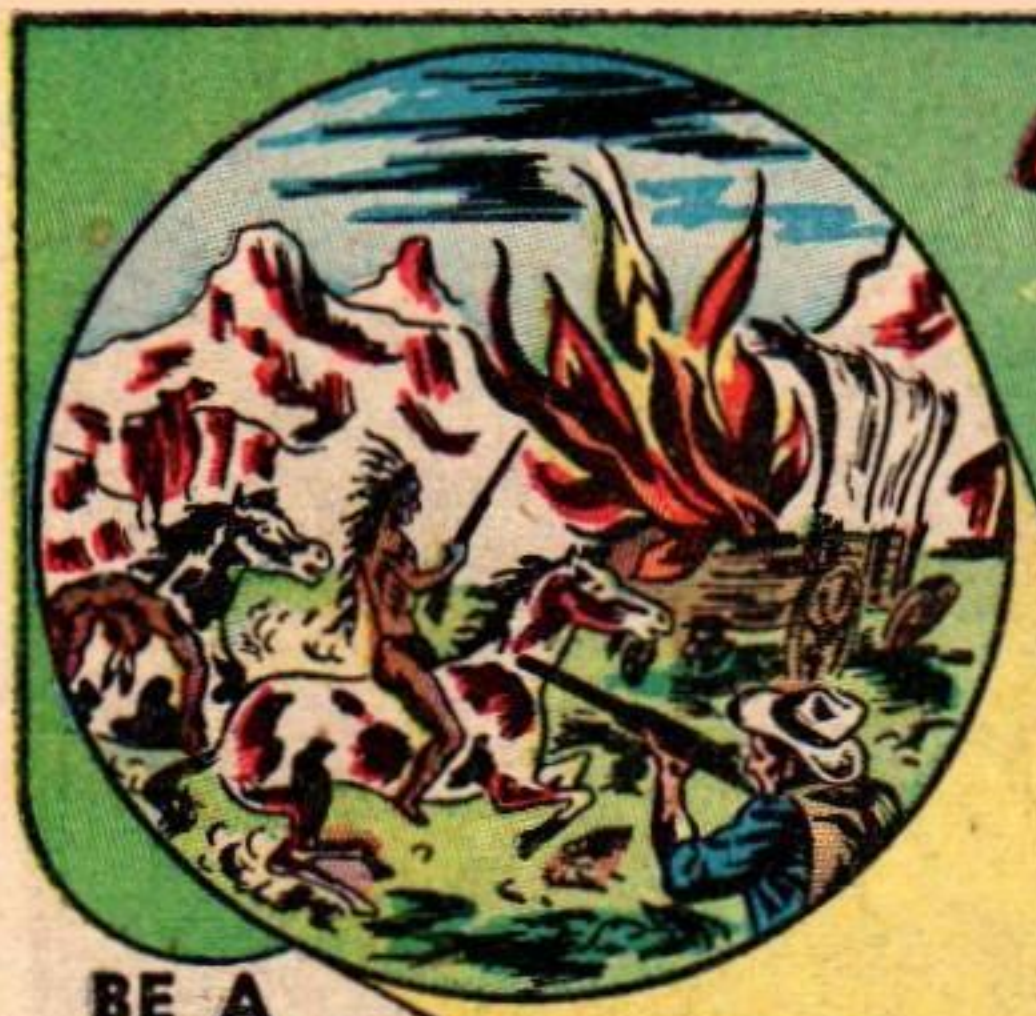

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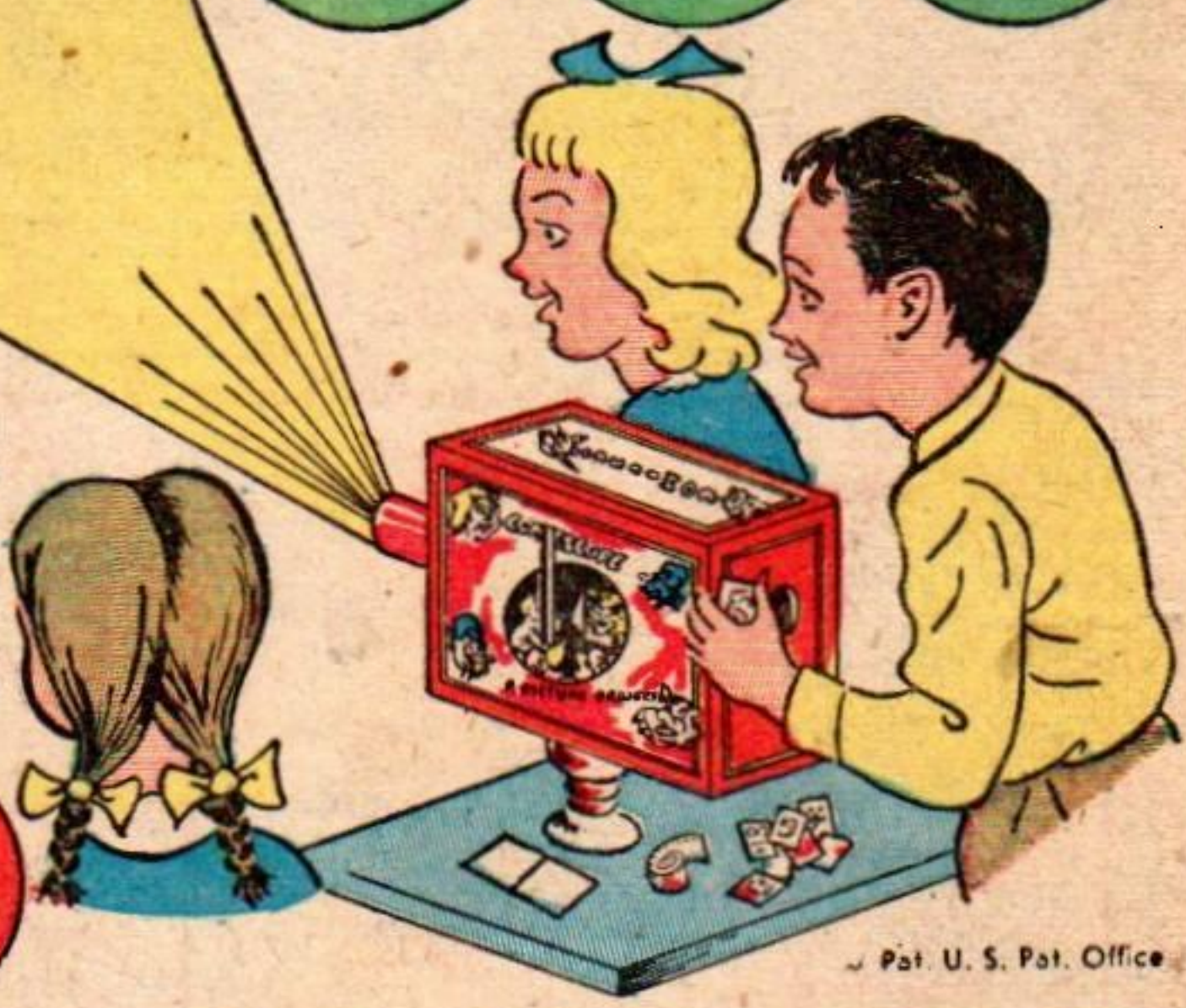

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